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VOL. 2—NO. 6

KIRK SMITH, Editor-Owner

Ocean Beach, California, Friday, December 28, 1923

PHONE POINT LOMA 17

FIVE CENTS THE COPY



IN THE New Year that is dawning
May you find each passing day
A little time for work and rest,
A little time for play;
A little time for friendship,
For gladness and good cheer—
But not a single moment
For worry or for fear.
—Katherine Edelman

PACIFIC BEACH TWINS

BECAME HAPPY BRIDES ON CHRISTMAS EVE

Living almost as one for twenty-four years, the popular Lanz twins of Pacific Beach, Ruth and Mary, parted at the altar on Christmas eve when they became the happy brides of Curtis Gabrielson and Jesse Bishop, respectively. The pretty double wedding service was performed at 8 p. m., December 24, at the Pacific Beach Presbyterian church, with Rev. J. W. Millar officiating. The two brides, dressed alike, were attended by the Misses Mildred McCrary, Ella Harrison, Helen Millar and Miss Edith Lantz, a younger sister, who served as maid of honor. The ushers were John Curtis, Fresno; William Curtis, San Diego; Walter Lowe, Sacramento, and George Schuyler of Los Angeles. The two bridesmaids acted as each other's best man. After a brief honeymoon tour the newly weds will live in Imperial valley.

It will do your EYES good to see
CASTIEN, 533 B st.

C. TOWNSEND BROWN MOVES HIS SIGN SHOP

Owing to the recent purchase and announced removal of the building at 5050 Niagara avenue, where C. Townsend Brown has been located with his sign painting establishment, the well known artist-painter states that he has removed his shop to 4769 Niagara avenue, where he will be pleased to receive and execute all orders with prompt and satisfactory service.

STREET IMPROVEMENT ON SANTA MONICA AVENUE

Surveyors have been busy this week preparing for the proposed improvement on Santa Monica avenue. The street leading from the crest of the hill to DeFoe street is to be leveled and graded early in the new year.

Kodak Films, FROIDE'S, opp. P.O.*

"JOLLY JACK" NEUMONT

AND OFFICER 'HERB' WEBSTER CAPTURE TWO ROBBERS

After a hot foot race of several blocks, a pair of bold young highwaymen, uniformed as sailors, were captured here last Sunday night by Officer Herbert T. Webster and John J. Neumont, proprietor of the Ocean Beach Bath House. The captured men were lodged in jail on a charge of robbery and gave their names as Bernard Busby and Thomas Brady, twenty and seventeen years, respectively. It is asserted that while walking along the streets of Ocean Beach at Muir and Bacon streets, snatched a handbag containing \$4 and a number of trinkets from the hands of Mrs. C. A. Munroe, 2760 K street, San Diego. They admitted taking the handbag and were identified by Mrs. Munroe, according to the police.

Stationery Supplies, Froide's, opp. P.O.

DOG TAX NOT INCREASED

The City Council this week voted down a proposed increase in the municipal dog tax, which will remain as of yore. The city manager had suggested doubling the taxes in order to make the pound self-supporting.

Newstand, next to Postoffice

IMPROVEMENTS SUGGESTED BY COUNCILMAN WEITZEL

FOR INLET BRIDGE

An asphalt floor covering and general repair work, suggested to the City Council this week by Councilman Harry K. Weitzel, for the improvement of the bridge across the Mission Bay channel has been postponed until the street car company lays its new tracks. City Manager Rhodes reported that the big bridge is in good condition with the exception of the flooring, which is badly worn in places.

COMMUNITY SING AND CHRISTMAS TREE PRONOUNCED SUCCESS

An exceptionally enjoyable Christmas program was furnished at the beach this week in the way of carols and the lighting of a community Christmas tree.

The singing was under the able direction of Mrs. Juanita B. Close, who also led the Ukelele club in serenades at houses wherever candles were lighted in windows.

Living pictures formed a feature of the community Christmas tree which was arranged under the special supervision of Miss Kate Spani and Mrs. A. M. Morgan, who deserve great credit for their untiring efforts toward making the entire affair such a pronounced success. The actual wiring of the tree was due to the clever handiwork of R. U. Damon, assisted by members of the local fire department, and the lighting effects proved highly delightful. The tree will be illuminated every night during the holiday week.

THE NEEDY REMEMBERED

With the surplus funds from donations for the Community Christmas tree, the committee consisting of Miss Kate Spani and Mrs. A. M. Morgan, very thoughtfully arranged for presenting the needy with baskets of substantial Yuletide cheer.

SPECIAL NOTICE

All of Faber's Grocery stores will be closed all day next Tuesday, New Year's day.

SPECIAL MUSICAL TREAT

NEXT SUNDAY EVENING AT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

A sacred concert will be given at the Union Congregational Church on Sunday evening, December 30, at 7:30 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Smith have charge of the program, and music lovers are assured of something good. The special feature of the evening will be several quartet numbers by Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Smith, Mrs. Foote, and Mr. Coultas. There will also be several solos and instrumental music.

New Year's cards at FROIDE'S, opposite postoffice.

DELIGHTFUL CELEBRATION

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Sterling entertained with a family dinner on Christmas day. The table was attractively decorated, the centerpiece being, Santa about to enter a snow-covered house with a pack on his back, the place cards were little spruce trees. The rooms were gorgeous with poinsettias and pepper boughs. The following guests were present: Mr. and Mrs. G. U. Vaughan and family; Mrs. O. F. Bishop and family; Mr. and Mrs. C. Van Velsor and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Nelson, Miss Jean Bishop and Miss Margaret Washington.

THANKS EXPRESSED

Miss Margaret Rankin of the O. B. library wishes to thank the public for the hearty response to the announcement made in *The Beach News* for flowers and records for the sick nurses at Camp Kearny. Over 100 records and many flowers were contributed to brighten their Christmas eve.

THE KIDDIE CLUB

Mrs. Donald Spencer entertained the Kiddie Klub on Thursday, at her home on Narragansett street. The afternoon was much enjoyed by all. Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting. The next club meeting will be postponed, a theater party taking its place to celebrate the Christmas season.

POWER LINE TO VALLEY

The San Diego Consolidated Gas and Electric Company is planning to build a \$200,000 power line into Imperial valley.

Christmas Scene on Sands at Ocean Beach



Photo by FROIDE, Ocean Beach

Annual Frolic of the Ocean Beach Year-Round Bathing Club

KING NEPTUNE SUPREME FOR AN HOUR ON CHRISTMAS MORN

With a temperature of 70 degrees, clear skies, a six-foot tide at flood, fifty-six Ocean Beachites took to the water Christmas morn and frolicked for an hour or more, while hundreds of spectators from San Diego and vicinity stood around in the warm sunshine and enjoyed a scene that only

the tropics and Ocean Beach could produce the year 'round.

After the swim roll call was held, followed by the election of officers for the ensuing year and New Year's day was named for the installation of officers at 2:30, on the beach.

Thirteen new members held up their hands and pledged allegiance to King Neptune.

Next year the club intends to have motion pictures taken, so that the

whole country can see what a wonderful coast and climate we have. A vote of thanks was sent to the street car company thanking them for the increased service in bringing the throng to the beach.

All new members joining on New Year's day will be given credit as joining in 1923.

Photos of the bathing scenes are on display at Froide's photographic studio on Newport avenue.

CAR AND BULL DOG STOLEN AT TIJUANA FROM OCEAN BEACHITE

While visiting with a party of friends across the Mexican border, at Tijuana on Christmas eve, A. L. Moore carried his bulldog along to watch his car, but failed to lock the machine. When the party returned to the parking place they found the car and bulldog both missing. Mr. Moore reported the theft to the police.



FAMOUS PICTURES

FORM HOLIDAY BOOKINGS

For New Year's eve (next Monday night) and for the first night of the new year (next Tuesday) Manager Ericsson has booked the wonderful picture, entitled "Merry-Go-Round." It is a famous film that stands in the highest class among the movies and is an acknowledged thriller from start to finish. On



Scene from "BRASS"
A Warner Bros. Production

Sunday night Johnnie Walker will present "Captain Fly-by-Night," and there will be another round of "Fighting Blood" with a good comedy. Tomorrow night (Saturday) the remarkable picture, "Brass," will be the feature with Monte Blue and Marie Prevost in the leading roles.

Locals

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stephens, of 4875 Saratoga avenue, enjoyed the Christmas visit of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Dougherty of San Diego.

Mrs. Louisa Harrison, mother of D. V. Harrison, spent the Christmas vacation with her son's family at 1968 De Foe street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Storm of 4856 Saratoga avenue served a delicious Christmas dinner to the following guests on Christmas day. Mrs. P. H. Peterson, the Misses Clara and Olga Peterson, Mr. Robert Marsden and Mr. and Mrs. Beers, all of Ocean Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Van Velsor and family of Los Angeles are guests of Mrs. Van Velsor's mother, Mrs. O. F. Bishop, on Coronado avenue.

Charles Cundell and his sister, Mrs. Edith Creed, spent Christmas day at Long Beach and Los Angeles.

A. Demos, proprietor of the O. B. Candy Kitchen, left for Los Angeles yesterday on a week-end business trip.

Booming of big guns in the bay yesterday morning announced the departure of the first section of the fleet for the winter cruise in southern waters.

Two days of showers of rain, welcomed by agriculturists, followed a sunny Christmas day throughout Southern California.

Best business ever experienced for a Christmas season, is the general expression voiced by Ocean Beach merchants.

The Sterling brothers have prepared for any kind of weather by covering their express truck (Reid's Transfer) with a stout canvas top of good appearance.

A holiday feast was given this week by Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Green in honor of their son, Lloyd Slater, of Spokane, who is en route to enroll at Stanford university.

Begin the New Year right by subscribing to your community paper.

Newstand, next to Postoffice

HOTEL APARTMENT ROBBED BY BURGLAR ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT

Mrs. H. B. Baumgardner reports that her apartment in the Newport hotel was entered on Christmas night by a thief who stole a black beaded hand bag, containing her bank book and about six dollars in money. Mrs. Baumgardner states that she was awakened about 3:00 o'clock in the morning and discovered a man just making his exit from the room. Upon her outcry of alarm the intruder ran down the hall and out of the front door. He was small of stature and wore a dark suit and cap.

The burglary has been reported to the police. It is stated by Mrs. Baumgardner that this was the second time her apartment had been falsely entered within ten days, but the thief was frightened away on the first occasion before obtaining anything.

DANCE THE OLD YEAR OUT AT O. B. DANCE PAVILION

"Bill" Benbough, manager of the Ocean Beach Dance Pavilion, never misses a trick in the game of furnishing festivity for his patrons. This Christmas he secured a fine outspreading tree that reached from the floor to the roof of his big dance pavilion and doted it up with all the gayest decorations and with a plentiful supply of twinkling, colored lights. On Christmas night old Santa himself was there in person to present everybody in attendance with a token of remembrance befitting the Yuletide season.

On next Monday night (New Year's eve) the pavilion will remain open all night, and there will be special music for ushering in the new year, with something doing every minute from twilight to the break of day.

Kodak Finishing FROIDE'S opp. P.O.*

DEMISE OF FRANK RUSSELL

Just as this paper goes to press a message by telegraph from Los Angeles states that Mr. Frank J. Russell suddenly died there this morning of heart disease. He was well known in Ocean Beach, having been formerly engaged in the realty business here.

Marcia's New Year's Slogan

by Martha B. Thomas

MATTER how doggedly she tried, Marcia could not put him out of her mind. Her eyes would be looking straight at the ugly pine-wood dresser in her tiny room, and there, magically pictured would appear his face. It was the strangest and most aggravating thing! She shook herself free of these fancies and picked up a book. New Year's eve promised to pass very quietly for her. Some of the girls in the store were sitting up... but for some inexplicable reason she had declined their friendly invitations to join them. It would be so noisy, so tiresome—and then the trip home afterwards, not to mention work next day. No, she was happier in her tiny, stuffed-up room. Books were good company. He had said so, and she was nightly discovering the truth for herself.

That very day he had sauntered up to the counter where she was clerk,



and bought a pair of gloves—ladies' gloves. He had told her, smiling a little, that they were to be a New Year's gift. "Maybe she won't like them," he added—"I hardly know just what to select."

Marcia timidly offered to help, if he could give her any general idea of the lady's taste.

"Why, she's a dainty person," he smiled again, "not so very big, not so very small—she'd want something good, I fancy, but not too, well—" he seemed to be searching for the exact qualification, "not too conspicuous or strange!" That was the best he could do, and they laughed together.

After careful consultation, gloves of a fine, heavy leather were bought and paid for. They were gloves that anyone would be happy to wear on the street; there was a well-made and quiet distinction about them which produced a soft sigh of wistfulness from Marcia. But she was entirely unconscious of it.

At this point in her reflections there came a knock at her door.

"Telephone, Miss Dunn," announced the landlady. There was something particularly knowing and kindly in her voice.

Marcia flew downstairs. She hardly knew what she expected, but her heart was behaving so outrageously that she could hardly gasp a feeble "Hello!" into the transmitter.

"Is that you, Miss Dunn?" asked a delightfully masculine voice.

"Yes," quavered Marcia.

"I just called up," continued the voice, "I just called up, er—" there was a break of what seemed slight embarrassment, then came strongly, "What's the use of beating about the bush? I called up to ask if I could find over to see you this evening? I'd like to persuade you to go on a mild little party with me. I tried to ask you today while I was buying those gloves, but I lost my nerve."

Marcia was able to produce faint sounds which appeared to encourage the voice at the other end.

"Your landlady knows me, because I used to come to see a man who lived there, so she can vouch for my character. For two weeks I've tried to ask you about tonight. I couldn't think of a nicer way to start the New Year, than having a little party with you."



I've got tickets for a show, and after that we'll have a little snack of something to eat, if you want to. And I'll bring along the gloves... you picked 'em out, so they ought to suit!"

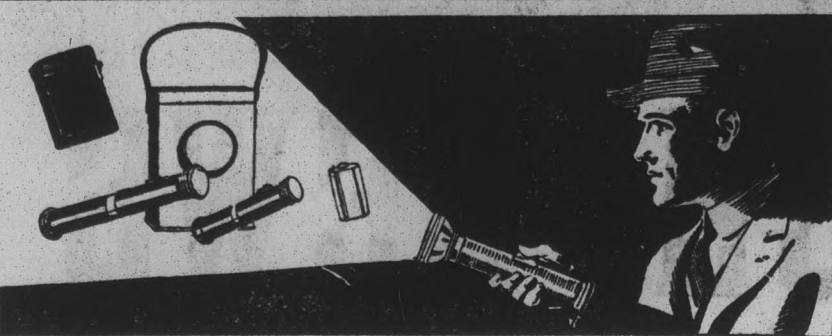
Marcia skinned upstairs again like a bird. What were two flights when the nicest-man-in-the-world asked you to go to the theater with him! And he was bringing the gloves for her! This was a New Year's day to remember. As she stood pinning on her hat before the mirror, she made a sudden resolution, the first that had occurred to her, though this was the properest time for doing such things. "I'll always believe the best is going to happen. See how wonderfully things have turned out, and ten minutes ago I was as blue as indigo. It just shows that it is silly wasting thoughts on unpleasant subjects. This will be my New Year slogan: Believe the Best! It won't hurt you, and it may help."

Some time later when Marcia and the very-nicest-man-in-the-world were enjoying the theater, she whispered to him her resolution.

He declared it was the finest one he ever heard, and then made so bold as to inquire if it had anything at all to do with his coming! Marcia pretended not to hear him.

It might be added that the gloves were a perfect fit.

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FLASHLIGHTS For Every Need

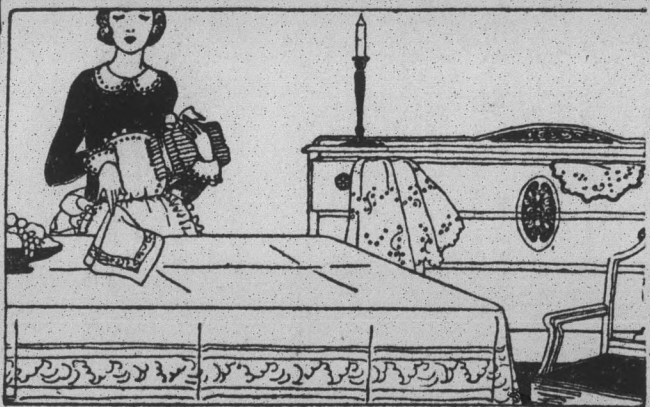
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GETTING THE IDEA



Closer fellowship between bankers and farmers was urged and a resolution adopted affirming faith in the efficacy of the co-operative marketing idea at a meeting of the American Bankers Association Agricultural Commission.

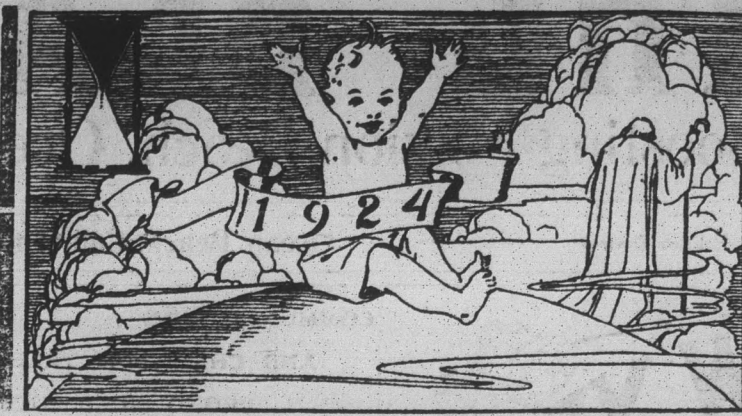
—News Item.

The Beach Is Growing BIGGER, BETTER AND BUSIER

Katherine's Kollum

By MRS. KIRK SMITH

Phone, Point Loma 17.



The New Calendar

By Marie V. Caruthers, in New York Times

DAYS three hundred sixty-four, Like fair, uncut pages are In the volume, yet unread, Of my New Year's calendar— One continued chapter they, Starting in afresh today!

Though this selfsame calendar Serves us all throughout the years, Hours which make your joy, for me May be fraught with grief and tears; Those my happiness which bring, Will find others sorrowing.

Days that stretch on far ahead, I must live them one by one, Bearing what may be in store Till the year's long tale is spun. What is written there? I turn One page at a time—and learn!

Falls my lot in pleasant ways? Will death interrupt my task? All is hid from mortal eye. But, Life, just one boon I ask! Let me meet courageously Whatsoever fate may be!

The New Year Pledge

HIS is the time to take stock, being the last of the year, the time of reckoning to consider that new leaf that is to be turned. Is it to be turned, or not? Is any effort to be made to start the year with a resolution of better conduct?

There is something more than mere tradition in the regarding of New Year day as a time for efforts at personal betterment. Of course, any other day in the year is just as good, but that invites endeavors for betterment. Even if the good intention lasts only a short time it is worth recording.

There is nobody who cannot find some specific way of self-improvement, some habit to be broken, some trait to be checked or corrected. Nobody is perfect, and good resolutions will not make the perfect man. But even the best of folks can improve themselves. They can be more considerate of others, more thoughtful, more unselfish, more tolerant and patient. Strict righteousness is often extremely disagreeable if it is not mixed with human kindness and compassion.

An eminent French psychologist recently came to this country to teach the American people, so far as he could reach them, how to help themselves to better health. His prescription was simple, consisting largely of a formula or a "litany" in which the subject gave daily assurance of being better. Let this method apply to other than physical ills and the New Year start with a resolution to "be better" in every way every day of 1924.

THE FRIEND IN NEED

(From the Nation's Business)

Some there are who still think the banker wears horns. Who is the hardboiled citizen, the man behind the thumb-screw? The banker, they will tell you. In the light of this illusion, consider a brief excerpt from the resolutions adopted at the recent Atlantic City convention of the American Bankers Association.

"The conclusion is inevitably forced on the impartial observer that the primary need of the world is moral and spiritual regeneration as the essential basis for economic recovery. Until the nations of the world are willing to liquidate their hates they can make little progress toward liquidating their debts."

Hard-boiled? Not that! It harks back to Socrates "The true politics," he said, "is first of all a politics of the soul."

Come to think of it, when we want someone to take care of our funds, to whom do we turn? To the banker. When we are in a tight place and need funds, to whom do we turn? To the banker. When there's a civic enterprise afoot, whose time and money do we commandeer first? The banker's.

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AN ALL-YEAR TOKEN

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BEACH PICNIC PARTIES

ATTIRED IN SUMMER TOGGERY FOR CHRISTMAS REVELS

Beautiful balmy weather, with a temperature of 70 degrees and a clear sunny sky, brought thousands to the beaches for outdoor Christmas enjoyment. Barefooted kiddies romped in the sands, while grown-ups lolled in the comfortable freedom of shirt sleeves and summer apparel. Bathing suits were in great demand and hundreds devoted themselves to the delights of the surf.

In the mid-forenoon of Christmas morn the Ocean Beach Bathing Club held their annual frolic in old ocean. Wearing bathing suits and smiles the jolly party had their pictures taken by Photographer Froide, who arranged them in a gleeful group representative of the festive occasion.

IDEAL WEATHER DELIGHTS

VISITORS FROM CANADA

DURING CHRISTMAS SEASON

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Smith entertained Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Foote from Lake Superior, Canada, and Mr. Coultas, of Vancouver, B. C., for Christmas. During the afternoon all the folks went for a long drive, enjoying this beautiful climate to the full. It was delightfully pleasant to realize the difference. In Canada, dressed in fur coats, felt boots, houses all heated with furnaces and fires, etc., while here, Christmas day, driving around in shirt sleeves, and summer dresses, sitting on verandas, and even gathering fresh green corn and beautiful flowers. After supper Santa Claus gave us all nice things from the Christmas tree, while the evening was spent in enjoyable music and singing.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Offerdahl, of Kelowna, B. C., are visitors for the holidays at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lial, Jr., 4765 Muir avenue, where a happy Christmas party was held last Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. M. Medeiros, of La Playa, were also present with their two children, who enjoyed the visit of Santa Claus with the two Lial children.

Birthday Cards, Froide's, op. P. O.*

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Losey wish to thank the carol singers for their kindness Christmas eve night. Mrs. Losey, who has been seriously ill for seven weeks, is improving slowly at her home on Saratoga avenue.

Little Betty Lodge, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Van Houten of 4817 Saratoga avenue, went to Los Angeles this week to spend the Christmas holidays with her mother and brothers.

ABOUT PRINTING PRICES

All job printing by "The Beach News" carries the Union Label and all estimates are made in accordance with the Franklin Price List, our prices for standard printing being precisely the same as any Union office in the city. Quality and service unexcelled. Give us a trial. Phone Point Loma 17.

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In order to insure prompt and proper publication of news notices of all societies, lodges, associations and other like gatherings, the chairman, secretary or head of such bodies are respectfully requested to send their news items direct to THE BEACH NEWS office on or before Thursday noon of each week.

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COMING SATURDAY

MONTE BLUE

and

MARIE PREVOST

"BRASS"

Admission 15c and 20c

COMING SUNDAY

JOHNNIE WALKER

—in—

"CAPTAIN FLY-BY-NIGHT"

"Fighting Blood" and Comedy

Admission 15c and 20c

SPECIAL

MONDAY—NEW YEAR'S EVE

The Famous Picture

"MERRY-GO-ROUND"

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Sections of San Diego and the

Entire Point Loma Peninsula

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

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KATHERINE SMITH Sec'y.-Treas.

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"Entered as second-class matter Decem-

ber 1, 1922, at the Postoffice at Ocean Beach,

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FRIDAY, December 28, 1923

News contributors and advertising patrons will please take notice that the forms of The Beach News close at noon every Thursday and will greatly oblige by submitting their favors accordingly. Write on one side of the paper only.

Wishing Everyone

A Prosperous

New Year

Father Time's Baby

ATHER TIME has

called the New Year

his Young Hopeful.

He presents him as

a happy urchin with

a smiling face.

Thus we welcome him.

We always make new in-

vestments in hope on January

first.

We are not disposed to criti-

cize Time's new boy.

The criticism of a flower adds

to our knowledge, but it spoils

the flower.

Even if the future brings

something of disappointment it

will leave us something to still

hope for.

The hope of a sail has sus-

tained many a castaway upon

this island of a world.

It is such a pleasure to hope

that one could thank God for it,

though he never realized it.—

Christopher G. Hazard.

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

New Year Skating

By Mary Graham Bonner

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

N THAT crisp, cold, bright

New Year's day they went

skating. The children home

for the holidays, the fathers

home from business, the

mothers who were hav-

ing a glorious afternoon in the out-

doors—all took part in the New

Year skating party which was being given.

The ice was firm, hard and smooth.

Never had it seemed so wonderful.

The air was invigorating. There was

no wind. It was an ideal day for a

skating party.

Afterward they would go back for

a New Year's supper party and sit

around a big fire telling stories. They

would all be at the party. It would

be for both old and young, for was not

New Year's day a day that was young

and yet so close to the oldest day

of the year that had gone before?

And in the meantime they skated

and laughed and sang songs and fell

down and laughed some more and

played games. All of them joined in.

And they looked about them at the

frozen lake and at the hills surround-

ing with the glow of the first after-

noon's rosy light upon them.

It was a beautiful world and people

in it were so beautiful, too.

Had it anything to do with the

wishes for a Happy New Year which

everyone had been wishing everyone

else that day?

And not only that—but the wishes

in the hearts of each which were

sincere wishes for happiness in the

gay, good, New Year just commencing?

UNCLE EBEN TOO BUSY

"I has a great respect," said Uncle

Eben, "foh de man dat is too busy

shovelin' snow to prance around

wishin' everybody 'Happy New Year'

when dey bumps on his sidewalk."

Picture Frames, Froide's, opp. P.O.*

Classified Ads Get Quick Results.



His New Year Resolution

Katherine Edelman

Copyright, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.

ARTHUR WILLIAMS came

down to the office all out of

sorts with everything and

everybody, so much so that

when Clark Winston began

to confide in him about the

many good resolutions that he was

making for the New Year he tried to

cut him off with a sharp retort.

But Clark Winston, bubbling with

the exuberance of youth, and radiant

with the enthusiasm of the newly-

engaged, was not easily rebuffed.

"Not make New Year resolutions?"

he said. "Why! that's just what

the New Year's for. It takes a

day like it to jolt a fellow out of the

rut he has been traveling in 't'og

long, and to keep us from growing

away from the ideals of our

school days. So, you bet you, I'll

be making good resolutions this year

and try to keep them, too, so I'll be

worthy of the love of the best little

girl in the world."

Arthur Williams turned away im-

patiently and went to his desk. But

all morning there came to him again

and again the memory of the conversation

and the look that had been on Clark

Winston's face as he had voiced his

determination to make New Year re-

solves. Each time the thought came

to him he tried to put it from him,

but somehow he found it hard to do.

For there had come to him, too, the

memory of a time when he, too, had

made such resolutions—when he, too,

had looked to the future with the de-

sire deep within him to make himself

more worthy each day of the woman

who had consented to be his. Now,

however, he was content to drift along

with the tide, to take each day as just

a repetition of the one before—con-

tent to just hold the place he occu-

pied in the business world, and worse:

almost content with the home life that

was now his, almost indifferent to the

fact that he and his wife had slowly

drifted apart and that the ardent love

which had been theirs in the long ago

seemed to be now dead.

But in other days it had been dif-

ferent with him—he had then been

just as full of hope in the future—

as full of the fire of zeal and devotion

toward the woman who was his as any

man could be. How, he asked him-

self now, had it come to be that things

were as they were? Was it that his

love for his wife was dead, that he

cared no longer for her, or was it her

fault that they had slowly, almost im-

perceptibly drifted apart? Looking back, he recalled now, with a half-shudder of remorse, many little instances where she had tried to bring the old ways back, which he, in the blind stupidity of taking things for granted attitude had treated lightly and passed by. He recalled with a pang one particular instance—a wedding anniversary it was—when she had met him at the door in a pretty gown and when she had gone to all manner of trouble in preparing a wonderful dinner, with all his favorite dishes, and when during the meal she had asked him several times if he were not forgetting something. And when after dinner was over and she reminded him that this was their fifth wedding anniversary he had only mumbled through his evening paper: "Yes, I guess it is, but I had forgotten all about it."



All these things came to him now, as often before a dying man will flash in a few moments a hundred episodes of his life, and he realized with a sudden rush of feeling how empty and desolate his life would be with Evelyn out of it entirely. True, for a long time now he had just taken her presence for granted—had just thought of her as some one who was always there—some one who was necessary to his well-being and comfort, just as some article of comfort and convenience might be, but now he realized how much she meant to him, and he knew that the love which he had thought was dead and buried was still burning, but that its flame was not felt because of the heavy curtain his indifference and neglect had thrown over it.

And then it was that Arthur Williams made a New Year resolution and one which he kept through all the years that followed, judging from the new happiness which came to him and his wife and from the buoyancy and hopeful attitude toward the future which he brought to his tasks each day.

BELLS



Mr. Lover—Hark! the New Year Bells. Don't you think them the sweetest one can hear?

Miss Love—With the exception of the wedding bells, Mr. Lover, I do.

WHY BANKS?

LESSON II

Committee on

Public Education, American Bankers Association.

Why does Government charter banks, simply to

make money for stockholders, or because banks are

needed by the public? What is a bank? Text books

say, "A bank is a quasi-public corporation, char-

tered by State or Nation, to receive deposits and

make loans."

STOCKHOLDERS = owners.

QUASI-PUBLIC = semi-public,—that is, owned by

private stockholders, but regulated by government to see that

the depositors' money is safely loaned.

STATE BANK CHARTER = privilege, grant or right to do a bank-

ing business under supervision of the

State Banking Commissioner.

NATIONAL BANK CHARTER = grant to do business under super-

vision of the Federal Com-

ptroller of the Currency.

SUPERVISION = the sending by government of examiners, at least

once a year, into a bank without notice, to count

its cash, examine its loans, bonds and mortgages,

and see if its books are correct.

Banks can do only those things permitted in their charters. No busi-

ness is more closely watched and regulated by State or Nation.

Banks cannot, therefore, be run simply to make money for stock-

holders, but are chartered to meet the needs of the people and

are held to that purpose by government supervision.

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good breed. Bargain. Apply 4979

Muir avenue.

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modern in every way, good garage.

Inquire at Brown's Souvenir Store,

5041 Newport avenue.

FOR RENT—Three 5-room mod-

ern houses, furnished for two people;

no dogs; \$30, with garage. D. C.

Crosby. Phone: Pt. Loma 214-J.

FOR SALE—Fertilizer, at 4860

Niagara avenue. J. A. Jacquot.



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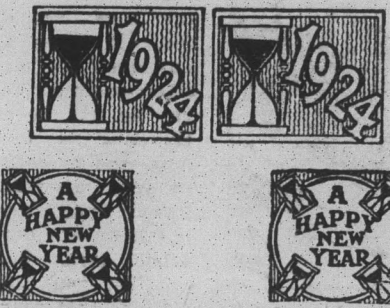
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The BROWN MOUSE

By HERBERT QUICK

(Copyright by The Bobbe-Merrill Company)

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Jennie Woodruff contemptuously refuses to marry Jim Irwin, young farm hand, because of his financial condition and poor prospects. He is intellectually above his station, and has advanced ideas concerning the possibilities of expert school teaching, for which he is ridiculed by many.

"Opinions differ," said Bonner, "an when you try anything just for wance, it shouldn't be an irrevocable sthip, me bye."

"You're a reasonable board of public servants," said Jim ironically. "I'd like to tell the whole board what I think of them."

"Come down tonight," said Bonner jeeringly. "We're going to have a board meeting at the schoolhouse and ballot a few more times. Come down, and be the Garfield of the convention. We've lacked brains on the board, that's clear. They ain't a man on the board that ever studied algebra, 'r that knows more about farmin' than their impl'yers. Come down to the schoolhouse, and we'll have a field-hand address the school board—and begosh, I'll move yer illiction meself! Come, now, Jimmy, me bye, be game. I'll vary the program, annyhow."

The entire gang grinned. Jim flushed, and then reconquered his calmness of spirit.

"All right, Con," said he. "I'll come and tell you a few things—and you can do as you like about making the motion."

CHAPTER II

Reversed Unanimity.

The great blade of the grading machine, running diagonally across the

road and pulling the earth toward its median line, had made several trips, and much persiflage about Jim Irwin's forthcoming appearance before the board had been addressed to Jim and exchanged by others for his benefit.

To Newton Bronson was given the task of leveling and distributing the earth rolled into the road by the grader—a labor which in the interests of fitting a muzzle on his big mongrel dog he deserted whenever the machine moved away from him. That there was some mystery about the muzzle was evident from Newton's pains to make a secret of it. Its wires were curled into a ring directly over the dog's nose, and into this ring Newton had fitted a cork, through which he had thrust a large needle which protruded, an inch-long bayonet, in front of Ponto's nose.

As the grader moved along one side of the highway, a high-powered automobile approached on the other, making rather bad weather of the newly repaired road. A pile of loose soil that Newton had allowed to lie just across the path made a certain maintenance of speed desirable. Newton planted himself in the path of the laboring car, and waved its driver a command to halt. The car came to a standstill with its front wheels in the edge of the loose earth, and the chauffeur fuming at the possibility of stalling—a contingency upon which Newton had confidently reckoned.

"What d'ye want?" he demanded. "What d'ye mean by stopping me in this kind of place?"

"I want to ask you," said Newton with mock politeness, "if you have the correct time."

The chauffeur sought words appropriate to his feelings. Ponto and his muzzle saved him the trouble. A pretty pointer leaped from the car, and attracted by the evident friendliness of Ponto's greeting, pricked up its ears, and sought, in a spirit of canine brotherhood, to touch noses with him. The needle in Ponto's muzzle did its work to the agony and horror of the pointer, which leaped back with a yelp, and turned tail. Ponto, in an effort to apologise, followed, and finding itself bayoneted at every contact with this demon dog, the pointer definitely took flight, howling, leaving Ponto in a state of wonder and humiliation at the sudden end of what had promised to be a very friendly acquaintance. The pointer's master watched its strange flight, and swore. His eye turned to the boy who had caused all this, and he alighted pale with anger.

"I've got time," said he, remembering Newton's impudent question, "to give you what you deserve."

Newton grinned and dodged, but the bank of loose earth was his undoing, and while he stumbled, the chauffeur caught and held him by the collar. Again Ponto intervened, for as the chauffeur stood holding Newton, the dog, evidently regarding the stranger as his master's friend, thrust his nose into the chauffeur's palm. The chauffeur behaved much as his pointer had done, except that the pointer did not swear.

The grading gang laughed. Newton grinned even while in the fell clutch of circumstance. Ponto tried to smell the chauffeur's trousers, and what had been a laugh became a roar. Caution and mercy departed from the chauffeur's mood; he drew back his fist to strike the boy—and found it caught by the hard hand of Jim Irwin.

"You're too angry to punish this boy," said Jim gently, "even if you had the right to punish him at all!"

The chauffeur, however, unhesitatingly released Newton, and furiously delivered a blow meant for Jim's jaw, which miscarried by a foot. In reply, Jim countered with an awkward



Jim Countered With an Awkward Upper Cut.

swinging uppercut. It landed fairly on the point of the jaw. The chauffeur staggered and slowly toppled over into the soft earth which had caused so much of the rumpus.

"Oh, cut it out," said a fat man in the rear of the car, who had hitherto manifested small interest in anything save Ponto. "Get in, and let's be on our way!"

Colonel Woodruff, waiving toward him in his runabout, held up by the traffic blockade, asked what was going on here, and the chauffeur, rising groggily, climbed into the car; and the meeting dissolved.

"Good work, Jim," said Cornelius Bonner. "I didn't think 'twas in ye!"

"It's beastly," said Jim, reddening. "I didn't know, either."

Colonel Woodruff looked at his hired man sharply, gave him some instructions for the next day and drove on. The road gang dispersed for the afternoon. Newton Bronson carefully secreted the magic muzzle, and chuckled at what had been perhaps the most picturesquely successful bit of deviltry in his varied record. Jim Irwin put out his team, got his supper, and went to the meeting of the school board.

The deadlocked members of the board had been so long at loggerheads that their relations had swayed back to something like amity. Jim had scarcely entered when Con Bonner addressed the chair.

"Mr. President," said he, "we have wid us 't'night, a young man who nades no introduction to an audience in this place, Mr. Jim Irwin. He thinks we're bullheaded mules, and that all the schools are bad. At the proper time I shall move that we hire him fr teacher; and pinding that motion, I move that he be given the floor. Ye've all heard of Mr. Irwin's ability as a white hope, and I know he'll be listened to wid respect!"

Much laughter from the board and the spectators, as Jim arose. He looked upon it as ridicule of himself, while Con Bonner regarded it as a tribute to his successful speech.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Board," said Jim, "I'm not going to tell you anything that you don't know about yourselves. You are simply making a farce of the matter of hiring a teacher for this school. You know, and I know, that even if your silly deadlock is broken by employing a new candidate, the school will be the same old story. It will still be the school it was when I came into it a little ragged boy—here Jim's voice grew a little husky—"and when I left it, a bigger boy, but still as ragged as ever."

There was a slight sensation in the audience, as if, as Con Bonner said about the knock-down, they hadn't thought Jim Irwin could do it.

"Well," said Con, "you've done well to hold your own."

"In all the years I attended this school," Jim went on, "I never did a bit of work in school which was economically useful. No other pupil ever did any real work of the sort farmers' boys and girls should do. We copied city schools—and the schools we copied are poor schools. We made bad copies of them, too. If any of you three men were making a fight for what the Country Life commission called a 'new kind of rural school,' I'd say fight. But you aren't. You're just making individual fights for your favorite teachers."

Jim Irwin made a somewhat lengthy speech after the awkwardness wore off. He adjured Bronson, Bonner and Peterson to study his plan of a new kind of country school—in which the work of the school should be correlated with the life of the home and the farm—a school which would be in the highest degree cultural by being consciously useful and obviously practical.

(Continued next week)

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STICK IT OUT!

When your world's about to fall
And your back's against the wall.
When you're facing wild retreat and
utter rout;
When it seems that naught can stop it,
All your pleas and plans can't stop it,
Get a grip upon yourself and—stick it out!

Any craven fool can quit,
But a man with pluck and grit
Will hold until the very final shout;
In the snarling teeth of sorrow
He will laugh and say: "Tomorrow
The luck will change."
I guess I'll stick it out."

The luck does change; you know it,
All the records prove and show it
And the men who win are men who
strangle doubt,
Who hesitate nor swerve,
Who have grit and guts and nerve,
And whose motto is—Play hard and
stick it out.

So you, when things go wrong,
And you think you can't last long,
That you've got to quit nor wait the
final bout;
Smile, smile at your beholders,
Clench your teeth and square your
shoulders,
And fight! You'll win, if you but
stick it out!
—Edmund Leamy, in Forbes Magazine.

"Readers' Reap Rich Rewards."

WHAT AGRICULTURE NEEDS

A recent summary of the agricultural situation grouped the needs as follows:

1. Increased and balanced production
 2. Increased understanding of credit facilities
 3. Increased market facilities
 4. Better business methods
- The Agricultural Colleges are working out production problems, the banks the credit problems and co-operative associations appear to be greatly improving marketing facilities and business methods.

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